THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

WHERE RUNS THE RIVER?

Where runs the river? Who can say
Who hath not followed all the way
By alders green and sedges gray
And blossoms blue?

Where runs the river? Hill and wood
Curve round to hem the eager flood;
It cannot straightly as it would
Its path pursue.

Yet this we know; o'er whatso plains
Or rocks or waterfalls it strains,
At last the Vast the stream attains;
And I and you.

—F. W. Bourdillon.

THE PACIFIC

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RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER CHANGES AND ADJUSTMENTS.

Since the first of January The Pacific Presbyterian has been published in Chicago. We shall watch the experiment with great interest. Several other Presbyterian papers are published there also, all by the Andrew Stevenson Company. The others are The Great Lakes Presbyterian, The Gulf States Presbyterian, The Presbyterian Examiner, designed to take the place in New York and the New England States of the New York Observer, which is no longer in existence. The contributed articles, most of the editorials, the Sunday-school lesson notes and the Christian Endeavor notes are used in common in all the papers. The church news relates to the particular part of the country which the paper is designed to serve. Thus far some fine articles have been printed. Aside from the church news, there is no Pacific Coast flavor to the Pacific Presbyterian. And this, notwithstanding the fact that some of the editors of the several papers are Pacific Coast men. However, no other workable course for the continuance of The Pacific Presbyterian could be found. How satisfactory this will be the year 1913 will show doubtless. A special effort has been made to gather Pacific Coast church news and the paper has had so far much more of that than it had when it was printed in San Francisco. But some of it is somewhat stale when it gets back to the Coast.

A year ago the subscription list of The Pacific Christian, the organ of the churches of the Disciples, was transferred to The Christian Evangelist of St. Louis. We are told that not less than sixty percent of the names were lost by the St. Louis paper before the end of 1912. So far therefore as numbers go The Christian Evangelist is not serving the "Christian" churches of the Coast as well as The Pacific Christian did. In the matter of church news and of editorial comment on Pacific Coast interests there is a distinct loss. But as in the case of The Pacific Presbyterian no other plan was financially workable. And it just had to be.

In our judgment it doesn't speak well of a part of the country that so confidently expects to become the front door of the continent to allow its church papers to be printed and mailed in Chicago. Pacific Coast people take pride in keeping up other institutions and interests. Why not the church paper? All that is needed to make any Pacific Coast church paper a success is for the members of the churches to subscribe for it and pay for it; in other words treat it as they do other Coast interests.

A campaign was begun a few months ago to put The California Christian Advocate, a Methodist Episcopal organ, in every Methodist home in the state. More than three thousand names have been added to the list already, and about nine thousand copies are in circulation now each week. Pastors all over the state laid hold with a will; some of the churches adopted the budget plan and subscribed as a church for a copy for every home. That this will solve the paper's financial problem is not evident. But the Methodist Episcopal Church is not troubled about that. The church board having the direction of the publishing business of the denomination believes in the church paper. It put $21,000 into the California Christian Advocate the last quadrennium and regarded the money as well spent. And the Methodist Episcopal Church no more intends that its religious paper shall go down than it intends that its colleges and theological seminaries and its great missionary societies shall go down. Evidently it doesn't intend either to print and mail them all in Chicago or New York or Boston, but in different parts of the country so that they can be locally influential and helpful. Since the campaign for extending the circulation was begun, The Northwestern Christian Advocate, published in Chicago, has added 18,000 names, and expects soon to be printing 50,000 copies.

But what do Congregationalists intend? As to this deponent saith not. The Pacific has had a long and useful career. It is now in its sixty-third year. It is needed just as much today as it ever was. But its continuance in its present form and quality as a Coast publication cannot be predicted for more than a half-dozen years unless there is a rallying to its support. Just now its existence is not near so critical as it was fifteen years ago or six years ago. It is not critical at all. Nevertheless unless the trend is changed there is no good reason for the belief that a few years hence the Congregationalists of the Pacific Coast will have any such paper as The Pacific has been for more than sixty years.

"BE YE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER."

The last number of The Pomona College Quarterly Magazine contained a tribute to the late President Gates in which mention was made of his great love for men regardless of race, nationality, or circumstances. It was said of him that he could forgive seventy times seven, that he couldn't hold a grudge; that he was very sensitive to wrong and slight, but ready at any time to receive back with open arms anyone who wanted to come. At the funeral services at Grinnell one who had opposed him in the strenuous days of the "Kingdom" movement, said: "I shall never forget a scene which occurred just here in the stone church. I had preached both morning and evening and President Gates had honored me with his presence. At the close of the evening service he alone came forward and said, 'You have given me a good day.' But that is not the point. Pressing my hand more cordially, with tears in his voice, he said, 'Douglass, I wish you loved me.' We were opposites in some respects, and as he was high in office and attainments, and I was low in office, I did not think he cared whether I loved him or not. As I came to know him better I found that he craved friendship and friends. He was a man who

craved the good opinion even of a dog. Indeed I have heard him say as much as that. I did love him. I learned to love him after that occasion as the years came and went. I loved him for his virtues; I loved him for those things which perchance some count his weaknesses; I loved him for his abruptness, his openness, his communicativeness. I think the message which comes to us at this time from the Scripture is: 'Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.' "

Just at the time when these qualities in Dr. Gates are thus impressed on the mind we have in an address by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis a graphic presentation of the magnanimity of Abraham Lincoln. In his address on "Lincoln's Religious Attitude," in his recent book, "All the Year Round," Dr. Hillis says: "He was as true as steel with his generals, and faithful unto death with his opponents as well as his supporters. His generosity was all but sublime. Douglas insulted Lincoln, but Lincoln gave Douglas a position of honor at his inaugural. Wendell Phillips called Lincoln the 'slave hound of Illinois,' when the first contest was on, but Lincoln publicly thanked Phillips for his work for abolition. In a suit in Cincinnati, for the McCormick Reaper Company, Edwin Stanton opposed Lincoln and humiliated him grievously, but Lincoln forgave and forgot, and made Stanton Secretary of War. Chase was stung by his defeat and Lincoln's success in the race for nomination. Chase was a man of superb presence and elegant manners. He criticised Lincoln when nominated, patronized him in the White House, and plotted to wrest the nomination from him in 1864; yet having received nothing but stones Lincoln made Chase chief justice; and poor Chase was so bewildered that he wrote to a friend, 'I cannot understand this man.' "

"THE CRIME OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT."

That is the graphic characterization of capital punishment by the Rev. J. W. Mell, the Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Bible Society. Recently Mr. Mell went to Portland and gave at the Monday meeting of the Methodist ministers of that city that able address of his which has this startling title, "The Crime of Capital Punishment." The ministers listened to the address with all possible calmness, but at its close gray-haired men uttered vehement protests against calling society criminal for punishing murder by death. One of the most animated discussions ever heard in a gathering of ministers in Portland followed the address. Mr. Mell had hurled at him all manner of Bible texts and he and his supporters replied with effective ones on their side. It is said that a majority of the ministers stood for the absolute right of society to hang a murderer and to the belief that the abolishment of capital punishment would be a mistake. The older men were almost without exception in favor of such punishment.

Mr. Mell gave that address a few months ago at a meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. All who heard it regarded it as an able address, but to many it was not convincing.

STUDENT PASTORATES.

Iowa Methodists are arranging for student pastors at the University of Iowa, at Iowa City, and at the Agricultural College at Ames. It is said that there are 800 Methodist students in Ames each year—the school there being one of the most famous schools of agriculture in the land.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate says: "These student bodies afford a great field. To give them immediate oversight while in college, to afford special privileges in Bible study, training for religious work at home when they return, to give wise counsel during the critical years of attendance upon college, is a ripe field for the Methodist Episcopal Church, and one of its most pressing duties."

It is to such a work as this, the need for which is everywhere realized, that California Congregationalists are eager to welcome the Rev. Dr. Brooks of Walla Walla, Washington—a man with rare qualification for such work.

ONE OF THE CHURCHES WITH PROBLEMS.

A member of a Pacific Coast Congregational Church which is looking for a pastor wrote not long ago to a friend who had recommended a man for the work, remarking that she was afraid "it is not a promising outlook." We quote from the letter, inasmuch as it affords considerable insight into present-day church problems: "In the first place there are too many churches for the size of the place."

Then follows a few words concerning the last pastor, who is referred to as "a lovely Christian, and a good speaker." It was stated also that there had been no additions to the membership for several years.

Proceeding, the letter says:

"Our assets are good church building without debt, pipe organ, and parsonage with a small mortgage placed on it to pay salary last winter. We have a fine Sunday-school with membership of one hundred and thirty, and a Christian Endeavor of about twenty, though none are over sixteen years of age. The city is not prosperous as we have had no mills in operation for several years, but our large mill will soon be running, so that will be a help, though there is no prospect of the city growing much for some time. We have a population of about four thousand. There has been a great deal of talk favoring the turning of the church into a Y. M. C. A., as there is nothing of the sort in the city, and with eight or nine churches here there is none of them who are really doing anything for the young people. We haven't but one boy over seventeen and he comes because he has to—poor boy. Now I have talked with nearly all of the members and they all feel that unless we can get a man who will and can make a specialty of young men there is no excuse for us to exist, and the people will not give unless they can see results. They say, 'What is the use of paying a hundred dollars a month to a man to preach to the same forty people every Sunday and the young people at the picture shows.' For those people could and would go to church anyway, and we must find some way to save the young people. Now, we have had good men who worked in the regulation way—preaching twice a day, prayer-meeting on Thursday evening, etc.—but it will not bring results here. We must have a man who understands Y. M. C. A. methods and can play basket, foot-ball, and work in athletics with them. We feel that the older people don't matter if only we can reach the young people. There are twelve saloons here and they have no trouble in catching them, so you can see that we must do something. We feel that it should be an institutional church, open for practical work every day in the week, even if we have to go without sermons.

"There certainly is a great work here for the right man, but it will be uphill work for any man, but the people as a whole, who do not take any interest in the churches, will support an institution that will build up the social and intellectual and moral life of our young people, for there is positively nothing for them in ——— at the

present time.

"Now, about Mr. ——. You know his abilities in these lines, and whether he is able to go out in the rain and play foot ball with the boys, box with them, or anything—to be one with them. Now, this is a critical time and we must make no mistake, as the members are about discouraged and are talking of giving up; but I can not bear to do that when there is so much need. We must care for the boys."

In the town in which this Congregational church is situated there is a Presbyterian church which has received 137 members during the last six years. An item in The Pacific Presbyterian says: "Seven new members were received on the first of January. The official management of the church is very efficient. The church is on a sounder basis financially than ever before. The young people's work is especially encouraging. Our capable Ladies' Aid has just had our beautiful church building graced with two coats of paint, putting the property in excellent condition."

According to this something has been accomplished religiously in the town. Other churches have gone ahead while the Congregational church has not. Evidently there is a situation demanding denominational consideration.

SOME SNAP-SHOTS AT THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Lewis R. Horton, the superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in the State of Washington, has published "One Hundred and One Snap-Shots at the Liquor Traffic." We quote a few:

If the men who vote for saloons had to furnish the boys to fill them, every town would go "dry."

Some men think that the only way to preserve their youthful vigor is to keep it pickled in alcohol.

For every $120 saloon license money paid, one boy must learn to drink liquor.

The wettest "dry" town is drier than the driest "wet" town.

Any law looks blue to the man who wants to break it.

For every dollar spent for education, America spends $6.00 for drink.

A finger of whisky may point the way straight to drunkenness.

The saloon is ashamed of its best customers.

Those who can afford to own brewery stock generally live in the prohibition districts.

If our children were made of pig-iron, the politicians would favor their protection.

What is the only thing in the world that will make a father pawn his baby's shoes?

Liquor is the devil's way to man, and man's way to the devil.

Saloons help just one business, that is the saloon business.

The family income is cut off at both ends when the father drinks; he spends more and cannot earn as much.

Alcohol kills the living and preserves the dead.

Suppose the saloon could change a man in twenty minutes as it does in twenty years, what then?

Prohibition does not make law-breakers, it simply reveals them.

A Chinese statesman was recently asked when the revolution in China really began. His reply was, "The day that Robert Morrison landed in Canton."

LETTER FROM INDIA.

By Chas. C. Champlain,
Pastor on "Cleveland," on Eastward Cruise Around the World.

We have visited India on both sides, have penetrated the interior, withdrawn, gone around the peninsula and penetrated from the other side. A party of eighty have come across India while the "Cleveland" sailed around. They got a microscopic view of India, its religions, caste, races, costumes and its vermin. We, the larger party, of over 300, missed all that, but saw Ceylon. Then on to Calcutta, where we lay by four days seeing much; and left yesterday, all hands (and feet and weary bodies) glad to be back "home" on the good ship. Tomorrow we shall be at Rangoon, in Burmah, the "Land of Pagodas," and elephants and teak-wood.

We are full of impressions of India. My pen pauses at the brink, where to leap in, what aspect to begin on, how to avoid the hackneyed, how to convey in true colors and proportions, the things that have struck me as interesting and significant.

November 17th we arrived at Bombay. It was Sunday, and the hottest day we have experienced. Every one purchased a cork helmet for fear of his life, and being warned, there were no bad results. But one's imagination can conjure up a summer's day in India as being equivalent to sitting comfortably in front of a furnace. The natives do not mind the heat, and we saw thousands of bareheaded Indians and many children of both sexes with no stitch of clothing.

I found my way to the American Marathi Mission and met Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Hume, he a Doctor of Philosophy from Yale and she having received four years of training in a hospital

These two charming young people are investing their lives in India as Christian missionaries and evidently feel confident that large success will crown their efforts. Their enthusiasm is catching and when one visits the school for the Blind, the Primary and High Schools, run by this young couple and their associates, where hundreds of the young are being educated and in many instances made Christians, one feels that there is a real basis for enthusiasm. For each of these trained native scholars is like a fire-brand thrown into the dead wood of heathendom. It was a unique spectacle to sit as I did for a few moments that Sunday afternoon, with some fellow-passengers, in a stone church of fine proportions and hear an Indian minister preach to four hundred attentive worshipers. Four hundred is a small part of three hundred million! But that it is worth while would appear to any one who could see their faces, the light in their eyes,—and then go out into the street and see no such light, no such expression. Christ-lighted faces are different from others. I hope that four automobile loads of Americans were converted to missions that afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. Hume took us,—I had gathered a number of passengers at the hotel—to Malabar Hill, to the residence of Mr. Motivala, a wealthy Hindu pearl-merchant. The master was not in, but the imperial, modest little lady, his wife, welcomed us and took us up half a dozen flights to the roof, where we had a beautiful view of the sea on three sides and the city proper, beyond an inlet of the sea. Soon Mr. Mativala arrived and bade us all welcome. He was full of affability and good cheer, has his philosophy of life well in hand and near the surface. Is not a Christian, but a Hindu with eclectic tendencies. Yet a large and beau-

tiful picture of Christ adorns his hallway. "The wife," he told us, "is the pearl of man's soul and of the household," and when I craved the honor of taking his photograph, he gladly acceded, provided his wife might sit with him. A sweet little girl or two sat with their parents. The mother is 23 and there are five children. Portraits of Mr. Motivala's father, uncle and grandfather, done in oil by a Hungarian artist, adorn the drawing room, which is most sumptuous in its furnishings,—yet not overdone, not crowded.

Mr. Motivala is a leader in Social Reforms of every kind and was one of the guests which gathered to meet Prof. Henderson of Chicago, the Sociologist, who is touring the Orient on the Barrow's lectureship. Over fifty guests—Hindus, Parsees, Mohammedans and Christians, the leading men of Bombay and of Western India—sat down to the table on that occasion. Ten years ago he would have been called a fanatic and a dreamer, who would have prophesied such an event. Dr. R. E. Hume was the man responsible for this gathering, and his particular field is among the first grade of people, the leaders in India. If Dr. Hume's life is spared—he appears none too strong—we shall see great accomplishment for the Kingdom of God, as a result of his labors in Bombay and Western India.

At Calcutta, a fortnight later, I had the opportunity of meeting the missionaries and Prof. Henderson, who was just finishing his lectures in India. A fine body of people, with some bright young college men from America, recently come as recruits.

One hears of caste always as the great obstacle to social and religious progress in India. It was gratifying to see a rift in the cloud of pessimism which this difficulty has engendered. An Indian preacher of ability stood up and said that caste is breaking down so rapidly in Bengal that even now it is not the chief obstacle to progress. He named the separation of families incident to the growing commercial life of Calcutta, where the husband and father receives salary enough to support his family if they remain in the country, but not enough to bring them to live in the city. The separation of the father from his family breaks up family life, creates an unnatural condition and hinders religious and social development. Further, the increase of education puts a ban on early marriages of ambitious young men. These two, the separation of families and deferred marriages, were considered as now more serious than caste itself. I did not hear any discussion by Indians or Europeans of these statements. I do not doubt, however, that all would agree that whatever prevents or interferes with Christian home life on the part of those having commercial, social and educational advantages is a barrier to the Christianization of India.

Moreover, caste is not confined to Indians. It is quite an institution among the English. I visited the Y. M. C. A. and found that no Indian, no Eurasian with the slightest taint of Indian blood, could have access to any of its privileges. Moreover, among the English the Commercial set and the Retail set do not mix. The distinction? One set deals in merchandise by wholesale, the other set touches it with their hands. They sell it to the consumer! A $75 a month clerk in a wholesale house takes precedence over a $5,000 a year proprietor of a store. They never meet socially. And the Y. M. C. A., which has rooms to rent to young men, receives retail men, therefore Commercial men do not patronize. If one stops at the Y. M. C. A. on coming out from England, the tip is soon given and he leaves. The assistant secretary, a young man from the University of Washington, seemed to accept the status quo and was evidently no longer surprised at it. He has been in Calcutta a year. There are branches of the Y. M. C. A. which work exclusively among Indians, and there is other work to reach Eurasians.

I am hopeful for India—but it is a hope not founded on appearances, but faith. My hands are full, bolstering up the missionary zeal of many of our party—good Christian people, givers to missions, but who have come away from India sad. The task of evangelizing India seems insurmountable! There are so many of them—clusters, swarms, myriads.. And so debased, yet so engulfed by Hinduism. "Burmah, Ceylon, even China, may be won by Christ, but not India."

Yet the Missionary Handbook of India tells us that one million souls have been won in the last ten years, and caste is breaking, and the leaven is working. God give all Christians faith to believe that India will be won to Christ!

THE LARGER EVANGELISM.

Rev. Harold S. Tuttle.

"They were bringing unto him litle children," wrote Mark. That was true in the days of Jesus' ministry; it has been true ever since wherever the Church has been successful. But the significance of that fact will hardly be understood except in the light of the larger task of the Church. That task, as I take it, is to so present the Christian ideal as to win the world to accept that ideal.

In reaching those outside the church three methods have been used. The first is the typical evangelistic method. This is the effort to win masses of individuals to accept Christ, and to make that step the central and almost the only object of the campaign. This method can reach the defeated souls, those who are down and out,—mature people who have lost their ideals. Most of that class who are won at all can be won by this method. It will also without doubt to some degree reach successful men, challenging them with the fact that religion is a reality that involves a personal choice on the part of every soul. With the same challenge it will reach a few indifferent youth. So its field is limited. With the highest imaginable success it could reach but a relatively small number.

In later years the method of social service has come into promience. That method has power chiefly with the men who are successful in life and who cannot be won by direct appeal to make a personal religious choice, but who can be won to the service of their fellow men. Young men and women , also, of all attitudes toward life can be lifted in their ideals a great deal by this method of social service. It is the gateway by which many are brought into a higher religious experience. And yet this method can reach but a relatively small number of those whom the Church ought to reach.

Educational Evangelism.

The educational method, the educational evangelism, will reach the children in Christian homes. It will reach the children in non Christian homes so far as they can be reached at all. It will reach the youth with good purposes. It will reach a great many of the youth who are indifferent and careless. Of these three methods, the number of those who can be reached by the educational method far exceeds the number that can be reached directly by either of the other two methods, or even by both together. This is the large evangelism. t isI high time we were giving this method its rightful place.

I like the parable that Mrs. Lamoreaux tells of the two fields. There was a certain man who had two fields. And he had also two sons. And he said to his elder son: Choose one of these two fields, and it shall be yours. Now one of the fields had in it many rocks; and there were thistles growing up among the rocks. And across the field were many hard-beaten pathways; for it was at a crossing of the roads. And the elder son said: I will choose this field; for it is full of rocks, and thistles, and hard-beaten paths. If I remove the rocks and thistles and dig up the paths, and till the ground so that it yields even ten fold, I shall gain great honor. So he tilled the field. And because he cultivated it faithfully it yielded him ten fold.

To the younger son was given the other field. It lay in a meadow; and the soil was rich and moist. And because he was faithful and diligent in cultivating this field it yielded an hundred fold. And the father said: Because the purpose of a field is the harvest the younger son has chosen most wisely; for he has chosen the field in which his diligence and faithfulness were able to bring the most abundant harvest.

There are many churches that choose to exert their chief effort among mature, crystalized men and women. Many, however, are awakening to the fact that the same energy invested in the field of growing, plastic childhood and youth will yield a harvest of a hundred fold instead of ten fold. As loyal husbandmen we are called upon to give a new and far larger place to the educational method.

Normal Growth Progressive.

The educational method is based upon three great principles. The first is that normal growth involves a series of varying stages. As the child goes up through youth into maturity he experiences many changes, not only physically and mentally, but also spiritually. The great laws of development that control the stages of our physical growth also control those of our spiritual growth.

When I was a small boy I aspired to be a seedsman; and I wasted many seeds and a great deal of garden space trying to achieve that ambition. But I learned from those wasteful efforts that the plants went through different stages. I planted some tomato seeds and watched them from the time the two slender leaves shot up through the ground to greet the sunshine until the yellow blossoms appeared. I had tomato plants, but no fruit. But finally the blossoms began to drop off, and the little green spheres appeared. Then I had tomatoes. Yet I was impatient because I did not have ripe tomatoes. I might have built glass houses around the bushes, and quickly those tiny little spheres would have been ripe, but not grown. There are many of us that forget that the Christian life has to grow as well as to ripen; and too many times we build glass houses over our children and ripen them spiritually before their growth is completed. Artificial means of bringing spiritual results before they are normal are inevitably disastrous. As long as fruit is growing it still has good prospects of ripening; but after it is ripe it has not much prospect of growing.

"Unto Such Belongeth The Kingdom."

A second lesson I learned from my garden. The plants were in the kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, before the fruit was ripe. As soon as there was any life I was dealing with a member of the vegetable kingdom. As soon as there is any spiritual life the child is in the Kingdom of God; and he stays there until he goes out of it. Inasmuch as there was never born into the world a human child that did not have the spark of divine life in his being the child begins his life in the Kingdom of God. One April day, as a boy in the middle West, I looked out into the apple orchard. Most of the apple trees were in full bloom. I had been watching the trees before that particular day, as the sunshine was calling out the blossoms. Gradually the buds had opened, and the trees were filled with bloom. But one tree was full of buds that had not yet burst. That day there came up one of those sudden April showers, and beat down upon the trees. When it ceased as suddenly as it had come I looked out again. The tree that had been only budded a few minutes before was now in full bloom, and the great blossoms were yielding their fragrance to the air. Yet it was no more truly in full bloom than were the trees about it that had been in blossom for a week. Both the tree that had come into blossom by the sudden beating of the rain, and those that had responded to the gradual call of the sunshine were in full bloom. You could not have told the difference between them.

The soul that grows normally in the Kingdom unfolds under the sunshine of God's love into the full beauty of Christian character without ever knowing a sudden moment of conversion. If for any reason that spiritual growth is retarded it may be necessary for some sudden shock of emotion to bring a soul to the moment of supreme choice. But the gradual growth is more normal and ideal. Some of us are preplexed by the third chapter of John. Read that third verse as it stands in the margin: Ye must be born from above. That is true. The coldest psychology of the present day demands it just as definitely as Jesus demanded it. We grow up toward the image of God only as God reaches down and calls us upward. Apart from the mystery of the divine voice from above drawing us up to achieve life in a kingdom not of this world, there could be no religious experience. But this is the other wonderful truth: we are able to respond to the call because there is in us a capacity akin to God. Because we are in the kingdom of God we are able to understand and respond to the language of the spirit.

The great sculptor, Pygmalion, after he had wrought that wonderful statue, in his admiration and delight exclaimed, "Speak! for thou canst!" But, except in the myth, the statue did not speak; for it had in it no spark of life akin to his. And all the wish and all the love of that wonderful artist could not call forth life from the ivory statue. If the human heart has not in it something akin to God, so far as any experience with human life has ever shown, God himself cannot call it into spiritual life. The child has kindship with God. That is the reason God can call the child up into the larger life.

Ye must be born from above. It may be by the gradual call of the sunshine; it may be by the beating of the raindrops. God calls some men into the higher life by that wonderful experience which came to Saul of Tarsus; and he calls others to that higher life through the long, slow process of education, by which Jesus lifted Nathaniel, and John, and Peter, and a thousand more of the strongest and ablest Christian workers all through history. Both methods are God's methods; and both lead to the result of divine life, divine character, and divine service to others.

Good Methods Cannot Bring Forth Evil Fruit.

The joy and the hope of the whole matter is that if the life which God has given us, touched with his own Spirit, is treated right it will come through these stages up into Christian character and efficiency. The heart of the whole principle of religious education lies in the fact that these lives put into our care can be lifted up into the highest experiences if we deal with them as God intended.

Even the most unpromising child can be made a strong and stalwart Christian. It is told that a traveler, walking one day among the New Hampshire hills, chanced to see an old woman leaning over some flowers in the garden, trying to encourage them in their struggle up through the rocks. Pausing at the gate he said, "Madame, what can you raise in these stony hills?" Straightening up to her full height she said, 'Sir, we can raise men!" She was the mother of Daniel Webster. Some of the soil from which we have to raise the present crop of Christians seems rather unpromising. But from the most discouraging we can raise men and women after God's own heart, if we treat them right.

We are studying the science of physiology in order that we may secure the highest degree of health for children's bodies. In recent years we have been rapidly learning how to develop to the highest their intellectual life. But the day has come when we must recognize the laws of the spiritual life just as clearly as we do those of the physical and the intellectual; and work to secure similar results in the spiritual realm. If we will but learn and apply the spiritual laws in the natural world we shall attain results that will startle us.

Today we are losing, taking the Sunday schools as a whole throughout the country, approximately three fourths of our young people. If we would obey the laws of God in dealing with children and youth, even to the partial extent to which these laws are known, we should reverse the proportion and keep the three fourths in the Kingdom. The laws of God in the spiritual realm must be obeyed just as truly as in the physical; and disobedience is punished just as surely, and with just as severe penalties.

The heart of the whole question, then, is this, that if we study the great principles of spiritual growth, and use them as a church, we shall bring the children to Christ as has never been done in all the history of religion. The method of educational evangelism works; for it has worked. It is the method of calling out character, of developing loyalty, of training for efficiency. Of course merely giving facts, even though those facts be found in the Bible, is not religious education. Education is religious only when it draws out spiritual capacities and develops character.

That is the aim to which we have set ourselves; and the fact that we have such a goal carries with it a tremendous challenge. It challenges every parent to study the nature of his child's development. It challenges parents also to see that their children are regular in attendance at Sunday school. It challenges every teacher to be an expert in putting into practical operation these divine laws of spiritual growth. It challenges every minister to call forth the latent capacities for leadership in the capable young men and women in the community. It challenges every man and woman to become equipped for whatever service he can render in this field. It challenges every one of us to so catch the vision of the ideal of Christ that we shall be able, step by step, to win the rising generation to accept that ideal.

The Artist's Masterpiece.

Margaret Slattery has splendidly retold the story of the Artist's Masterpiece. The artist had won the praise of Europe for his paintings. He had returned to America for a year of rest in the little western town where he had lived as a boy. He soon renewed his boyhood acquaintances, and began living over his boyhood experiences. Before many days had passed his attention was called to a young attorney who had come to the town some ten years before. He was a mystery to the towns people. He had brought no letters of introduction; he would not talk about himself. Positions of prominence had been offered him, but he had refused them. People had ceased to try to understand him. But the artist was interested.

Finally, by his confidence in the young attorney, the artist won these few significant facts: when he began his career in the East he had made a mistake which had broken his spirit. He moved west; but a man had come into his office who knew him. Wishing only to be forgotten he had moved further west. Once more a man who had known him had by chance entered his office. And again he had moved, coming to this place to forget and be forgotten. It was pitiful to see his listlessness and discouragement.

The artist changed his plans. Instead of resting he engaged a studio, and began to paint. With eagerness, with enthusiasm, with fervor he painted. At length his picture was finished. Hastening to the young man's office he said, "I have painted my masterpiece. No one has yet seen it. I want you to come and look at it." Pleased with the honor he went expectantly to the studio. Drawing back the curtain the artist watched from behind its meshes the face of the attorney. There on the canvas the young man saw the picture of himself. And yet there was a strange difference; for the man he saw stood upright, shoulders back, head erect, courage in the clear eyes, determination in the strong face, ambition, hope, purpose, victory in his whole bearing. And in his hand was a sword held high and on it the motto; I can still achieve.

With a nervous laugh he said, "I wonder if he thinks I am like that." And then more soberly, "Does he think I can be like that?" "Can I be like that?" "Yes!" cried the artist. And it seemed as though the picture had spoken with a voice that thrilled his soul. Straightening himself up to his full height, he said with a purpose that brought radiance to the artist's face, "I will be like that!" Your task and mine is patiently to paint the picture of the boys and girls, not as they are, but as they may become, until they shall say, "I will be like that."

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Leaving the Isthmus.

I had spent a year in Aspinwall, and whether to remain must now be decided. We were living in the Railroad Company's headquarters, the Washington House, and were as well cared for as could be desired. But our rooms were on the lower floor, and in the rainy season there was a green pool of stagnant water directly under us, sending up miasma constantly. We had suffered much from fever, and I felt sure that we should not survive another winter so situated. So I wrote to David Hoadley, the president of the road, by whose request we had gone there: "If I am to stay here, I must have a chapel and a parsonage," His prompt reply was, "You shall have both." But when I sent

a carpenter to New York with plans for the buildings to be constructed there and set up in Aspinwall, the great financial panic of 1857 had fallen on the country and paralyzed Wall Street, and Mr. Hoadley wrote: "I dare not bring this matter before our Board just now. You must wait awhile." This decided the question. To stay was to die—to die for no good reason. For a good while the Rev. E. S. Lacey had been urging me to come to San Francisco, and the A. S. Friend Society being willing, I resolved to seek my life labor here. So after a visit to friends in the East, I set my face to the land of gold.

It was to me a serious question if I had mistaken God's will in going to Panama at all. But I knew that I had tried to do His will in offering up my life in sacrifice for that work, and the labor had not been fruitless. Some souls had been saved and some prominent men had been won, who already filled important stations and were doing good work for Christ. Besides, when I went to Panama, San Francisco, the place which God had appointed for my life work, was not ready for me. The Society had sent a chaplain there, but he had found the field well occupied by the Rev. Wm. Taylor, and turned aside to a pastorate in the city of San Jose. But now, the field was vacant and waiting for me. So with some blind regrets for the past, I turned my back on the Isthmus.

I did not make a mistake in going to Panama. It was by God's appointment that I went, and it was well worth while to go. My only mistake was in supposing that the work there was to be the chief work of my life. Man sees not as God sees, and it is when we look backward often that we are able to read the thoughts of God. The work done on the Isthmus was well worth the labor of a life. Forces for good were set in motion, which are still working and will work for God while time lasts. Also by that experience I gained a fitting for a larger work in a more fruitful field.

Unlike most inchoate preachers, I had made no plans whatever for my future life and work, and when that secretary of the A. S. Friend Society came to me in New York and asked me to go to Panama, it was suddenly revealed to me that God had planned for me to give my life to the task of winning seamen to His service, and on the instant I turned me to that work, and for nearly sixty years I have been trying to do it. I went to Panama to find sailors and did not find them. Disappointed, I did the work that came to my hand, and it was no small or unworthy work. It was work well worth doing, and I shall praise God for it forever. But the sailors were not there, and I had found that they were not to come there. So I turned to seek them in Aspinwall; I found more of them but not very many—not enough for an active man to give his life for—and I spent nearly two years in toiling and waiting, and for what? God was saying to me, "Get out of this, and find your appointed field and work on that far-off Western shore." I lingered, and He crowded me off. To save my life I had to renounce my own plans, and, like Abraham, seek a land which I knew not of, but which was a far better land than that which I left.

I had seen many thousands of greedy gold-seekers risking life and all good in pressing their way thither, and had, at much cost, helped hundreds of them in their struggle, without ever dreaming that I should ever follow them, and now God was saying to me: "Get thee out of this, and go to a land that I will shew thee." I resisted as long as I could, unbelieving, but He forced me away, and I went out, "not knowing whither," but hearing and obeying His voice. It was the hand of wisdom and love that led, and the feet of slowly awakened faith that obeyed.

NEW BOOK NOTES.

"The Personal Life of David Livingstone." By W. Gordon Blaikie, D. D., LL. D. The 100th anniversary of the birth of David Livingstone, the renowned African missionary and explorer, occurs on the 19th of March. It is an event which will be celebrated all around the globe. For years "The Personal Life of Livingstone," by Dr. Blaikie, to whom was accorded the advantage of using the unpublished Livingstone journals and correspondence, has stood as the most authentic and complete biography of this remarkable man. A new edition in large type is now on the market at one-third the original price—for fifty cents net; sixty cents by mail. It is to be hoped that many will avail themselves of the inspiration to be received from a reading of the story of the life of him whom the love of Christ constrained to live and die for Africa. **(Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago.)**

"Human Progress Through Missions." By James L. Barton, D. D. A valuable contribution to the apologetics of missions. In this volume Dr. Barton, who is the foreign secretary of the American Board, shows the far-reaching and fundamental influence of the modern missionary movement as it affects national life in the East, intelligence, morals, religion, the social order, commerce, industry and the various sciences. There are illuminative chapters on Education, Industrial Advance, The New Commerce, The New Social Order, Modern Medicine in the East, The Introduction of the East to the West, Changed Attitude of the East to Christianity, Missions and National Life, Cooperation and Unity. To any who question the necessity and value of foreign missionary work this book will be found enlightening. **(F. H. Revell Co., New York, fifty cents net.)**

"All the Year Round." By Newell Dwight Hillis. We have in this new volume by Dr. Hillis an outlook on the great days of the year. Given originally as addresses in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, they are published with the hope that they will aid others in the effort to strengthen the influence of the great anniversary days. The articles are on: A New Year: Its Overtures; Abraham Lincoln: His Religious Attitude; George Washington: The Ideal Americanism; Easter: The Immortal Hope; International Arbitration: Society's War Against War; A Day in June: The Gospel of the Summer; Independence Day: The Decline of Idealism; Labor Day: The Democracy of Jesus; Christian Unity: The Influence of New Forces; Thanksgiving Day: A National Obligation; The Expansion of Puritanism: A Plymouth Commemoration; Christmas: Its Universal Influence. All the addresses are in Dr. Hillis' charming style, packed with informing material and with large suggestiveness. **(Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, $1.20 net.)**

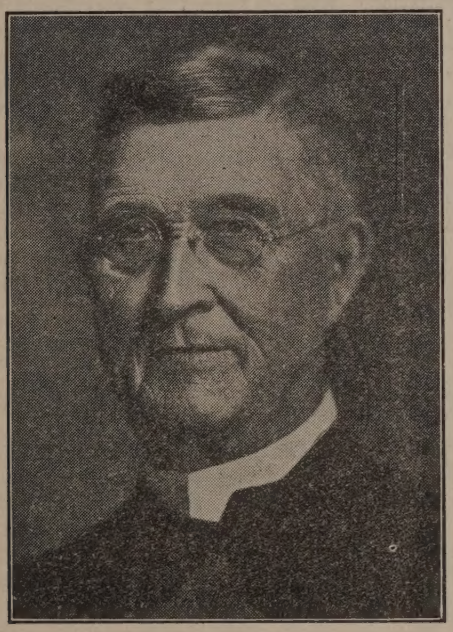
"Nine Great Preachers." By Albert H. Currier. Out of his study and teaching as professor of homiletics in Oberlin Theological Seminary, Dr. Currier has brought a book of high value. The nine great preachers of whom he has made the most interesting and valuable study of this kind which we have ever read are: Chrysostom, Bernard of Clairvaux, Richard Baxter, Bossuet, John Bunyan, Frederick W. Robertson, Alexander McLaren, Henry Ward Beecher, and Phillips Brooks. There is an introductory chapter on "The Interest and Value of Ministerial Biographies." Therein Dr. Currier says "one acquires high ideals of character and achievement." They afford also "interesting and valuable suggestions as to the best methods of

ministerial work and the best means of attaining the highest success in the ministry." No matter how extensively anyone has read concerning these nine great preachers, he will have delight in these fascinating studies by Dr. Currier, and will find them a storehouse of suggestiveness. This book will prove an inspiration to many a minister in time of discouragement—energizing and inspiring the tired heart and jaded spirits with fresh life and renewed vigor. We have here an instance of how large an amount of valuable matter can be packed into a few hundred pages when a master-mind works at it—eliminating the less valuable and all not pertaining to the purpose of the book. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.50 net, postage 10 cents.)**

WARREN FINNEY DAY.

In Memoriam.

When on the morning of January 8th the news spread over the city of Los Angeles that the Rev. Warren Finney Day, pastor emeritus of the First Congregational Church, had passed into the Beyond, there was a general outpouring



of grief. He was perhaps the best known and best loved minister of the Gospel in the entire city. The announcement of his death came with something of a shock of surprise, because up until ten days before he had been going in and out among the people of his flock in his usual quiet and happy way. Just a little heart failure—a slowing down of the machinery, a gentle loosening of the silver cord, and he closed his eyes in the sleep whose awakening is on the other side. As the elder Scotch people would say, "He just slippit awa," or "He slippit into glory." A delightful way, certainly, in which to go!

"How beautiful it is for a man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! To be called
Like a watch-worn weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest in heaven."

At the time of his going Dr. Day was in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and in the forty-seventh year of his ministry. His was indeed a well-rounded life. It carried with it the suggestion of completeness. It had no fallen stitches, no broken links—but was all of a piece. About all there is in human life had been tasted. He had worked to the end of a long day, and had continued to bring forth fruit in old age; thus fulfilling the promise given in the Old Testament to the good man, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

The following is a brief summary of the outward events of Dr. Day's life: He was born in Sharon, Vt., in 1838, and his early life was passed in Newark, Ill. He secured his education at Beloit College, Wisconsin; Knox College, Illinois, and was graduated from Wheaton College of Illinois in 1863. He was also graduated from the Chicago Theological Seminary in 1866, which institution conferred the degree of doctor of divinity on him in 1898, he being one of the few to be honored with that degree by the seminary.

In 1865 Dr. Day was married to Miss Rachel Beith, and the following year was ordained to the ministry in Bloomingdale, Ill., having served in the following pastorates: Vernon, Galesburg and Union City, Mich.; First Congregational Church, East Saginaw, Mich., and after twelve years as pastor of the First Congregational Church at Ottawa, Ill., came to Los Angeles to become pastor of the First Congregational Church. He achieved a remarkable work in the pastorate, raising a large debt on the church building, then opposite the First Methodist Church at Sixth and Hill streets. In 1900 he was joined by his only son, Dr. William Horace Day, who came here as copastor. After a time he asked to be placed in the position of pastor emeritus, and for many happy years he took a less conspicuous part in the work of the church; saying to himself of his son what John the Baptist said of the Master, "He must increase, and I must decrease"—and loving to have it so. The picture of father and son laboring together, in mutual esteem and love in the service of this large and commodious church, and supplementing so admirably each other's work, attracted wide attention as the expression of an ideal combination seldom realized in this imperfect world.

The funeral services held in the church on the afternoon of Friday, the 10th inst., at which the Rev. Robert R. Meredith, D. D., of Pasadena, the Rev. James M. Campbell, D. D., of Avalon, and the Rev. Henry Kingman, D. D., of Claremont, personal friends of the deceased, officiated, were singularly impressive because of their marked simplicity. They have been described as majestic in their very simplicity. There was no pomp or parade; no lavish display of flowers; no words of eulogy; no funeral address. Everything was in perfect keeping with the spirit of the occasion and in harmony with the expressed wishes of the departed. The life was allowed to speak for itself, and God was allowed to speak directly through his word. The passages of Scripture, which were read by Dr. Meredith, were selected by Mrs. Day, the widow, and her son. The readings were from the Ninetieth Psalm verses 1 to 6; First Psalm, 1-6; Fifteenth Psalm, 1-5; Job. xix: 25-27; Matthew, 1:1-21; Luke xxiv: 46-48; Luke, xi:29-33: 1 Corinthians xv: selected; Romans, viii; selected: John, xiv: 1-3. Several beautiful selections were sung by the choir. The services at Inglewood Cemetery, where interment was made, were private.

One of the notable features of the large Congregation which overflowed the church building was the presence of so many aged and infirm people, to whom Dr. Day had ministered throughout his long pastorate; many of whom had doubtless come at great effort to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had stood beside them in the hour

of trouble, and had cheered them along the homeward way.

It is too soon to gather up the lessons of such a life. The suddeness of its ending is apt to jar the mind, and throw it out of its proper perspective. Besides, tears still blur the vision. But there are a few things that stand prominently out and call for grateful acknowledgment. And yet in making these personal allusions we must not be unmindful of the innate humility of our friend. Anything savoring of self-exaltation was utterly foreign to his nature. His attitude to his own life was that of Paul, who, when his friends praised him for his work's sake made this record, "they glorified God in me." He did not say, he could not say," they glorified me." Such a thought would have been repugnant to him; but he was willing that they should glorify God in him. And why should not we glorify God in Dr. Day by our joyful recognition of what God has done for him in the things of the soul, and what has done by him in the things of the Kingdom?

The first things which naturally suggests itself in connection with this life, is the one already referred to, namely its wholeness. The flame of life burned down to the socket. The work which the Father had given him to do was finished. The course of life was gone over to the end. To see a life so well ended is no small satisfaction.

Another thing characteristic of this life was its largeness. Dr. Day was a large man; large in body; large in soul, and especially large in heart, there was about him something pontifical. He possessed that quality which we call presence-power; hence he was a dominating influence in any assembly of which he was a member. Had he been a business man in all probability he would have been a bank president; or the head of some great corporation; for men trusted his judgment, and were more than willing to put the reins of power into his hands. The loss to the church of such a leader, especially in these days of enlargement on the Pacific Coast, seems irreparable. But Joshua folfollows Moses, and for the new work there are the new men.

The sweetness and amiability of Dr. Day's spirit were very marked. His smile was a benediction. A toil-worn woman was once heard to say, "It does me good just to look at him as he fits in the pulpit, even if he does not utter a word; somehow I feel as I see his calm and benevolent face as if this cannot be a very bad world after all. and as if things were bound to come out all right." It was noticeable that he grew mellower with the years. People sought him in trouble as naturally as a thirsty man seeks a refreshing spring. He was a true Father Confessor, and was often taken for a Catholic priest. Young ministers found in him a wise friend and counselor; and however busy he might be with the affairs of his large parish he had always leisure to hear them out, and always threw light upon their problems, and sent them away rejoicing. Like Paul he had on his heart the care of all the Churches and gave them of his service freely and unstintedly. But while the friend and helper of others his own life to outward appearance, seemed remarkably free from the carking cares, and firey trials which come to so many. The world was good to him, many things came to him which are withheld from others. He had superb health; an ideal home life; an ancentral faith that never seems to have been shaken; a succession of happy and successful pastorates; a long ministry of culminating power and influence. No doubt he had his own share of trials; and who knows what volcanic fires may have burned within that placid exterior. But what made him the friend and helper he was was the fact that he had a heart of love that took everybody in; and true love is ever substitutionary, and enables one to put himself in the place of another. In his theology Dr. Day was a mediating influence being what might be termed a moderate conservative. His spirit was broader than his thinking, and while he himself preferred to stand in the old paths, he was ever hospitable to new thoughts and to new things. A staunch Congregationalist, and lover of the Pilgrim way, his life work was closely bound up with the interests of his own household of faith: yet no one ever questioned the width of his sympathies, and it is safe to say that no preacher in Los Angeles had more friends outside his own denomination than he. He was a Christian first, and a Congregationlist afterwards.

We dare not say that the life which we are attempting to estimate was in every respect ideal, for that can be said of only one life; but in it was the constant reaching out after the ideal. No one was more conscious than he of his own limitation. Well he knew that every life is fractional; that there are diversities of gifts; that no mind can grasp the whole range of truth; that no life can compass in its activities the whole range of human needs; and that therefore every preacher must prophesy in part, and perform in part. And knowing this he improved to the utmost every talent he possessed; and at the same time was wise enough to let some things go. Void of envy he could appreciate in others qualities which he himself did not possess. For the younger men who are to take the places of the outgoing generation of workers he had nothing but welcome and encouragement. With Whittier he could say;

"What matter I or they
Mine or another day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made."

But after all his leading quality was his spirit of fidelity. He was a pains-taking preacher. His pulpit preparation was thorough. He sought to feed his people with the finest of the wheat. In his pastoral work he attended to the minutest details and so related and correlated things to one another as to secure the best practical results. In matters ecclesiastical he was methodical to a fault, and wanted all things done decently and in order. However, it was as a pastor that he excelled. He was a true shepherd of the flock over which the Holy Spirit had made him overseer. He sought to know his own sheep by name; he found them out; he prayed for them; he gave himself to them to the utmost of his ability. In his pastoral work there was no wasted energy. He did not chafe and fret in the harness. He loved his work, he loved his people, and he loved his master; and as Matthew Henry has expressed it, he found the Master's yoke easy because it is lined with love.

And now that he is gone we who labored at his side will miss him sorely. Yet his well-earned rest we do not grudge him. Already a host of those whom he has helped on the heavenward way have hailed his home-coming. He is in the midst of familiar ones. They will like him up there as we did down here; and of those who meet him many will rise up and call him blessed.

When we think of the vacant place, what an unspeakable joy it is to remember that when a good man passes away his work abides. His works do follow him. He sows the seeds of coming harvests, and his work is part of the eternal whole.

"Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to the ages, all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the deeds I have done."

JAMES M. CAMPBELL.

FROM SOME OF THE TRIBUTES TO DR. DAY.

"Never before in the history of Los Angeles," said the Los Angeles Times at the time of the death of Dr. Warren F. Day, "has the loss of a pastor caused so widespread sadness and regret."

At the Temple Baptist Church, at the prayer-meeting held the evening of his death, the Rev. Dr. Brougher paid beautiful tribute to him, saying in part:

"We recognize Dr. Day as one of the strongest men in the church, a man of unsurpassed judgment; a man of even temperament, and he was one of the noblest characters that I have ever met.

"I looked upon him as a man of extraordinary judgment and a man of simple life, sane, sensible and worthy to follow. He had a generous spirit and was congenial and had all those characteristics that made him liked by all.

"When I heard that he was gone I felt that there was one inscription worthy of his monument, and it is this: 'The love that lingers o'er his name, is more than fame.' "

Dr. E. P. Ryland, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Hollywood and president of the Los Angeles Church Federation:

"Dr. Day was held in a very peculiar and profound regard by all the ministers of the city, who looked upon him as a spiritual father to all the younger ministers of the city.

"In the Federation work he was closely identified from its beginning and has always given his influence and work toward the interdenominational affairs. He will be much missed, for he was a sane and a loving counselor."

Dr. Charles Edward Locke, pastor of the First Methodist Church:

"Dr. Day was in many respects the ideal clergyman and he was one of God's most noble princes. In his character and his work he answered Tennyson's description of Wellington when he said 'He stood four square to every wind that blew,' and this description well suited him. He was stalwart, strong, convincing, and with a charming and gracious manner. He was a fine scholar and an interesting preacher.

"I first met Dr. Day when I was on my wedding journey. Mrs. Locke and I were touring Palestine and Dr. and Mrs. Day were in a party that traveled beside us. I was a boy preacher in those days and I had the honor to meet Dr. Day on the threshold of my ministry. He has left a place that no one can fill."

The Very Rev. William MacCormack, dean and rector of St. Paul's Pro-cathedral:

"I think that Dr. Day was one of the most lovable men that I have ever known. Every one of the ministers as far as I know were devotedly attached to him. One hardly knows what to say, his end came to us so suddenly. I have known him a number of years, both while I was in Pasadena and as his neighbor in Los Angeles, and every year I have come to feel that I loved Dr. Day just a little better than during the previous year."

The Rev. A. B. Prichard, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church:

"My every thought of Dr. Day connects itself with helpful memories. He greeted me so cordially when I came to Los Angeles a stranger fourteen years ago; he was always so fatherly and so confiding. I loved to hear him pray; he was so simple and terse. My last recollection of him is in his gracious words of brotherly appreciation of a simple service. I am glad that I have known him, and I am glad that I shall meet him again."

The Rev. R. P. Howell, pastor of the Trinity Methodist Church, South:

"I considered Dr. Day one of the strongest personal forces for righteousness in the city. His lofty character, stalwart principles, his splendid, efficient and faithful service in this city as one of the leading pastors endeared him to us all.

"I consider his passing a personal loss. He had so tender a way, and I believe that every man who came in contact with him felt the great and brotherly spirit about him.

"He had a beautiful simplicity of life and a trueness in all his relations that gave at once confidence, and the longer the association lasted the stronger this feeling grew. He was like a great mountain, the nearer that you came to it, the larger and more lofty you found it."

The Rev. Dana W. Bartlett, pastor of Bethlehem Congregational Church:

"I feel that Dr. Day has set his stamp on the religious life of the community more strongly than any other minister. While conservative, he was a most advanced thinker on every line that makes people better. He helped to make his church one of the strongest powers for good in the city."

RESOLUTIONS IN MEMORY OF DR. DAY.

The regular meeting of the Ministerial Union on Jan. 20th was given over to reminiscences of Dr. Warren F. Day, D.D., who passed from our midst recently, and to appreciations of his character and work. An unusually large number of the ministers was in attendance, and there were many warm and tender expressions of affection and regard from men who had known him in his ministry in Michigan and Illinois, as well as from those who had known him only while here in Los Angeles. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

Inasmuch as God in his wise providence has seen fit to remove our brother, the Rev. Warren F. Day, D.D., from labor to rewad, it is fitting that we should place upon record our appreciation of one who so long and so faithfully has stood for the defense of the Gospel.

Therefore be it resolved, (1) that in the death of Dr. Day this fellowship suffers a distinct loss. His genial spirit, his broad scholarship, his spiritual insight, his sound judgment, his unflagging interest in holy things, and his untiring service in the Master's cause, were marked and gladly recognized.

Resolved, (2) that in his long and useful life Dr. Day made a large and substantial contribution to the assets of the Kingdom, and it may be truly said of him that he lived not to be ministered unto but to minister. His zeal for edu-

cational, missionary and civic interests was genuine and unabated to the last, and his example may well be emulated by us all.

Resolved, (3) that we extend to the First Church, for whose enlargement and efficiency Dr. Day toiled so long and so well, our sympathies in this their time of sorrow and loss.

Resolved, (4) that while we bow in humble resignation to our Father's will, we will seek especial grace and support for the bereaved ones from Him who has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

It was almost two decades ago that Rev. Warren F. Day came to the First Church in Los Angeles. It was a time of great depression throughout the state, and the outlook for the church was dismal indeed. In truth a great many people felt that it was a hopeless undertaking. A heavy debt rested upon the property, and numbers of Congregationalists of influence and standing who were coming to the city were passing their own church by to go to churches of other denominations. But the cheery optimism, combined with the sound sense and good judgment of the new pastor soon worked a change, and the situation began to mend. The debt was paid off, and the church began to grow not only in numbers but also in influence and reputation. In a few years his son, Rev. Wm. Horace Day, came to be associated with him. Now the church, largely because of the many years of splendid service given by him who has passed beyond, has grown to the commanding position it holds, being not only the largest Congregational church on the coast, but one of the greatest of any denomination in influence and solid worth. The value of the services rendered by its senior pastor was widely recognized, and was fittingly marked by the granting to him of the degree of Doctor of Divinity by Chicago Theological Seminary, the school from which he was graduated. H. V. H.

MIDWINTER ASSEMBLY OF MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

The Midwinter Assembly of the Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions will be held in the First Methodist Church, San Francisco, corner of Clay and Larkin Sts., on Friday, February 7, beginning at 9:30 A. M. Take Sacramento St. car from the ferry, get off at Larkin St. and walk one block to Clay. The morning period of prayer and praise will be led by Mrs. R. E. Beach of Oakland, who is the chairman of the Interdenominational Committee.

Mrs. D. U. Ross, editor of the Far West, will give "Studies in Mormonism." Dr. Robert Walker, of the Italian work supported in San Francisco by the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists, will speak at 10:30 on "Italy in America," after which his daughters, the Misses Walker, will sing in Italian. Dr. H. W. Gilchrist will speak on "Mt. Hermon Interests and Activities," and Mrs. G. L. Hagaman, missionary secretary of the State Christian Endeavor Society, will conduct the Quiet Hour.

At noon, the ladies of the First Methodist Church will serve luncheon at twenty-five cents per plate.

Following the afternoon devotional period at 1:30, Mrs. H. C. Ingram will speak on "The New China," and at 2:25 Mrs. W. H. Brewster will address us on "Personal Experiences in China." As Mrs. Brewster has labored many years in that country, she will be able to give us much information.

Mr. Warren Prall Watters will render a tenor solo, and after the offering the final address will be given by Miss Nellie J. Arnott of Kamundongo, West Africa.

All are most cordially invited to attend this midwinter meeting of Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions, which promises to be both interesting and informing.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Press Secretary Mt. Hermon Federate School of Missions.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rabbi Meyer of San Francisco will give an address on "Sex Hygiene" at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

The Rev. Elsworth W. Lawson, recently pastor of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Foxboro, Massachusetts, where he went as pulpit supply the first of December.

The Rev. G. A. Blair has resigned as pastor at San Mateo and will enter the employ of the American Bible Society for the raising of funds to remove the indebtedness on the Bible Society property on the Civic Center in San Francisco. A good start was made last year and the society hopes to secure the required balance this year. Thus the Bible Society intends to keep pace with the general preparation which is being made for the immigrants expected on the opening of the Panama Canal, and with the growing importance of this country with the East.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, Boulevard.—A new fifteen thousand dollar church edifice is well along toward completion. Some rooms are already in use. The work in the Boulevard Church is moving very encouragingly under the optimistic leadership of the Rev. E. J. Singer.

Escondido.—The Rev. Thomas D. McLean, who has been in charge of the Congregational Church at Escondido, has resigned from the pastorate. His resignation will take effect the first of March. Mr. McLean will enter on the practice of law in Los Angeles, having been admitted to the bar some years ago in Massachusetts.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Mr. Palmer announces during Lent a pastor's class on "Christian Fundamentals." The class will meet on Thursday evenings. Topics: Feb. 6th—"Reasons for Believing in a Personal God." Feb. 13th—"How to Understand the Bible." Feb. 20th—"An Interpretation of the Life of Christ." Feb. 27th—"Light on Old Doctrines—The Atonement, The Judgment, Heaven and Hell." March 6th—"The Application of Religion to Daily Life." March 14th—"An Outline of Church History." March 20th—"Congregational History and Ideals."

Los Angeles, Garvanza.—The annual meeting was marked by a spirit of hopefulness and optimism which reflected the prosperous condition of the life and work of the church. The pastor, Rev. Wm. Haresnape, has been leading the people splendidly during his pastorate of twenty months.

Thirty members have been added during the year. The financial response of the people is testimony to their loyalty to the church and the Kingdom. The people give liberally. The church faces the need of enlarging its equipment. A movement to enlarge the church edifice is in progress. It is especially needed for the purpose of giving the Sunday-school adequate facilities. Pledges for this purpose were asked for at the meeting and $1200 was quickly subscribed. The church is facing a bright and useful future of service to its community.

Ceres.—On the evening of January 8 a goodly number of our people assembled at the church for the annual meeting. A spirit of complete harmony prevailed. The reports were mostly encouraging. Our apportionment of $175 was exceeded, making a total of two dollars per member for the benevolent work of our denomination. The home expenses were $1000, or about nine dollars per member. Twenty-one were received into fellowship, twelve of them by letter. Six were given letters. One was removed by death and one dropped from the roll. In January, 1913, six adults were received into fellowship and among them two men from whom we hope much. This brings the present membership of the church to 114. All this is cheering, but owing to the large number of removals of late we still need to pray earnestly for an ingathering of precious souls.

Paradise.—The church at Paradise received seventeen into membership at its January communion. For two weeks previous to the week of prayer, meetings were held either at the church or at homes with increased interest and greater attendance. During the week of prayer and the one succeeding meetings were held every evening, but two, when storm prevented. The pastor, Rev. L. W. Winslow preached short sermons and was ably assisted in the services by a chorus choir. The efficient work done by the C. E. Society has greatly encouraged the pastor. Besides holding their regular Sunday evening service they have held extra meetings for prayer, sent invitations to every family in town to attend the meetings and personally visited many homes. Two evenings when the pastor was unable to attend, they took charge of the meetings. Every member of the choir is a member of the church. The annual meeting of the church was held December 26th. Pledges had been made to more than meet all indebtedness.

Ferndale.—The annual business meeting was held on Wednesday, Jan. 22. Reports from the different organizations in connection with the work of this parish were very encouraging. The treasurer of each society reported a neat surplus in the treasury. Four members have been added to the membership of the church and the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor Society have had an increase in attendance over that of the past year, and among many of the young people there has been a deepening of interest in the work of the Kingdom of God. Mrs. John Kemp has served the Sunday-school as treasurer for fifteen years, and during this time has ordered the supplies for the school in such a manner as to save the school a good deal of money. Mr. Mark Bugbee has been the faithful secretary for many years, and with these older members who understand conditions the work is going forward. Recently the graded Sunday-school lessons have been adopted and are enjoyed both by the teachers and the children. There are several classes in which splendid work is being done. It was voted at the business meeting mentioned above to raise the pastor's salary to $900 and the parsonage included besides, as has been customary upon this field. The members are not many, but each one strives to do his or her part to make the work successful. There is a responsiveness to the wishes of the pastor not found in every church.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, Plymouth.—The last annual meeting was the most social and most inspiring of any ever held by Plymouth Church. The reports showed more real achievement than for any previous year. Plymouth believes she has entered on the best year in her history, and so thanks God and takes courage. Eleven persons were welcomed into fellowship the first Sunday in January.

TO WASHINGTON PASTORS AND CHURCHES.

The Pacific has difficulty in securing a Washington correspondent. Pastors and others will confer favor by sending church news direct to 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, Cal. For Eastern Washington, send to Rev. J. Edwards of Sprague, or direct to Berkeley, if preferred.

THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH W. B. M. P. AND THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

In accordance with a recent vote of the two boards, their meetings will hereafter be held together. The first of these joint meetings will be on Thursday, Feb. 6th, at the Alameda Congregational Church, corner of Central Ave. and Chestnut St. The sessions will begin at 10:30 A. M. and 1:30 P. M. Luncheon will be served by the ladies of the church at fifteen cents a plate. There will be addresses by Miss Nellie F. Arnot, recently returned from missionary work in Africa, and by Rev. Newton E. Clemenson, who was formerly a Mormon and will speak on "The best that can be said of Mormonism." As a part of the program there will be a memorial service for Mrs. H. E. Jewett.

The Home.

THE GREEN GRASS UNDER THE SNOW.

The work of the sun is slow,
But sure as Heaven we know,
  So we'll not forget,
  When the skies are wet,
There's green grass under the snow.

When the winds of winter blow,
Wailing like voices of woe,
  There are April showers,
  And buds and flowers,
And green grass under the snow.

We find that it's ever so
In this life's uneven flow—
  We've only to wait,
  Though it may come late,
There's green grass under the snow.

HOME HAPPINESS.

Probably nineteen-twentieths of the happiness you will ever have, you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over and the feeling that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace and with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house. You can make that one room a true home to you. You can people it with such moods, you can turn it with fancies that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and it will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you shall ever transgress.

You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be courteous to him. Courtesy is of more value and is a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will be but courteous to each other, you will soon learn to love more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly, than you ever did before.—Ex.

HOLD TO YOUR IDEAL.

Did you ever notice how much better you feel after having done a superb piece of work, how much more you think of yourself, how it tones up your whole character? What a thrill one feels when contemplating his masterpiece, the work into which he has put the very best that was in him, the very best of which he was capable! This call comes from obeying the natural law within us to do things right, as they should be done, just as we feel an increase of self-respect when we obey the law of justice, of integrity within us.

A famous artist said he would never allow himself to look at an inferior drawing or painting, to do anything that was low or demoralizing, lest familiarity with it should taint his own ideal, and thus be communicated to his brush.

There is everything in holding a high ideal of your work. Hold the idea of excellence constantly in your mind, for whatever model the mind holds the life copies. What we think, that we become. Never allow yourself for an instant to harbor the thought of deficiency, inferiority.

Reach to the highest; cling to it. Take no chances with anything that is inferior. Whatever your vocation, let quality be your life slogan.

Many excuse poor slipshod work on the plea of lack of time. But in the ordinary situation of life there is plenty of time to do everything as it ought to be done; and if we form the habit of excellence, of doing everything to a finish our lives would be infinitely more satisfactory, more complete; there would be a wholeness, instead of the incompleteness which characterizes most lives.

There is an indescribable superiority added to the very character and fiber of the man who always and everywhere puts quality into his work. There is a sense of wholeness, of satisfaction, of happiness in his life which is never felt by the man who does not do his level best every time. He is not haunted by the ghosts or tail ends of half-finished tasks, of skipped problems; is not kept awake by a troubled conscience.

When we are trying with all our might to do our level best, our whole nature improves. Everything looks up when we struggle up; everything looks down when we are going downward. Aspiration lifts the life; groveling lowers it. When we are striving for excellence in everything we do, the entire life grows, improves; but when our standards are dropping, there is a downward tendency in the whole nature.—From "Do It to a Finish."

ATMOSPHERE.

We have well in mind a business man in a city who, being asked where he went to church, replied: "I do not go to church where my beliefs are taught. I am not a Calvinist, but I go to the most rigidly Calvinistic church in the city. All the week I am in the dust and discord of business affairs, and am sorely in need of a clean moral atmosphere on Sunday, something that will penetrate my soul and give me spiritual aspiration and food. In fact, I want a moral bath on Sunday,—atmosphere bath you understand,—and I go where I can get it." What this man said is very suggestive as to all our church work. If it is going to do any good to the participant, it must be because he is made to breathe purity and peace and hope.

It is hardly right to say that religion is atmosphere, but it is quite right to say that there is a deal of religion in atmosphere; or it may be irreligion. The first thing to do with a family of children is not to set them to reading the Bible or committing to memory some of its passages, but the first thing to do is make the atmosphere of a home express the finer traits of Christianity. The Christian home is a wonderful thing; it is, however, a very simple affair, and, we may say, a very natural affair. There are too many sorts of homes; that is, of human homes. We sometimes think, when we find the animals bringing up their children, that there is much less diversity, much less instability, and a great deal more of nature.

As we understand Jesus, he wants us to express the spirit of the Parables in our daily life. It is a curious thing that, shrewd as all of these stories are, they are essentially children's stories; and the Lord's Prayer is recognized as something as deep as the ocean, but with a shore where the youngest may wade and apprehend. Unfortunately, one may read or repeat these elemental conceptions, and never get the spirit of them. What we want to say is, Try to fill your household with the atmosphere of simple, gentle, natural piety. It is this which saves what is good, and it is this which makes any good seed fertile and fruitful.

We have heard a good deal lately about the power of suggestion. Undoubtedly, there is a great deal in it, but suggestion does not altogether associate itself with words. Whenever you enter a household, the spirit of that home makes itself known to you very speedily. The air is full of suggestion, and that suggestion affects everybody that comes into it. In one home you are breathing peace and purity, in another there is a confusion of emotional life, in a third you have the spirit of strife, and in a fourth animalism dominates the atmosphere of the house. No one needs to say this to you: you feel it, you know it. The children grow up in it and are made by it. They feel it before birth through their parents: they breathe it after birth. Our lessons and sermons are busy everywhere trying to reverse home influences, but they cannot do it—not until the home atmosphere is changed. The fact is, we have relied too much on text and talk, on lecture and sermon, too little on atmosphere.

"You disturb me," said a visitor. "I will keep still," he replied. "But it is not what you say, it is you—you in

the air." Some are of course more interpenetrative than others. Tehy posses themselves of the whole room or of the whole house. It is hard to escape them. How can you define a commander or an orator? Wendell Phillips filled the hall with his personality. He made every person a prohibitionist, at least for the time being, possibly an abolitionist. Phillips Brooks charged the atmosphere of the church. He filled Boston. Yet it is not notable cases that we need to seek for. What we need is to realize that every person lives outside of his bodily periphery. The body itself is only a handful of matter that he has organized to serve his spiritual ends.—Christian Register.

UNWEARIED LIFE.

Why should we ever weary of this life?
Our souls should widen ever, not contract;
Grow stronger and not harder in the strife,
Filling each moment with a noble act.
If we live thus, of vigor all compact,
Doing our duty to our fellow men
And striving rather to exalt our race
Than our poor selves, with earnest hand or pen,
We shall erect our names a dwelling place
Which not all ages shall cast down again.
Offspring of time shall then be born each hour,
Which, as of old, earth lovingly shall guard,
To live forever in youth's perfect flower
And guide her future children heavenward.

—James Russel Lowell.

For The Children.

FRECKLED TOM HAINES.

Tom Haines had not a spot on his face or hands the tenth-part of an inch square that was not marked by a freckle. The boys called him "Freckled Tom." Tom did not mind this nickname till the Grays moved into his neighborhood—the house next door to his own. Then he began to wish he wasn't so "speckled," for the Grays had a fourteen-year-old daughter whom Freckled Tom thought very fair.

One afternoon Tom was making the short cut across the back yard of the Grays' place, thus reaching his own home half a minute earlier than by the front pavement, when he encountered, face to face, Julia Gray. They had never met before, and while Tom knew her by sight, she evidently did not know who he was.

Tom doffed his cap and began to stutter an apology for crossing their yard in such an unceremonious manner. But Julia, her face averted, could hardly keep back a smile of amusement at his awkward manner. She simply said, "That's all right—please don't mention it"—and was off to her own back door.

Tom blushed a burning red. He ground his heel into the soft earth. "She's making fun of me—because I'm so freckled," he said mentally. Then he rushed home and banged his own door behind him. "I'll never, never try to get acquainted with her, so I won't. She's a little stuck-up, that's what she is." Then he dismissed the girl next door from his mind and went on with his work of build a small model.

The following week the Grays went out of town to visit some relatives in an adjoining county. They were to be gone three weeks. Three days after their departure Tom heard the weak mewing of a kitten in their back yard, and going over the fence he found a wretched little creature, half-starved. He knew it to be Julia Gray's kitten, a dear little white thing with blacktipped tail and ears. He did not stop to wonder how the Grays had happened to leave the helpless mite, locked out and without food or water, during their long absence.

He merely ran and jumped the fence between the two yards, made inroads on his mother's cold provisions, and with a bottle of sweet milk in his hands and meat and other cold bits of food in his pocket, he hurried back to the starving kitty. The way the little creature ate made Tom's big heart glad. And after kitty had finished a hearty meal, Tom began to rummage about the place hoping to find some sort of shelter for the lonely creature. A garage was in the rear of the house and Tom found a small window open. He crawled through it, and from the inside opened the great door about six inches, propping it so that the cat might get in. From home he fetched a basket and bit of carpet and made a bed for kitty. Then he set food beside the basket and called the kitten into the garage. Kitty seemed to understand that the bed was for her for she crawled in and went to sleep.

"Now, I'll come twice a day and bring food for you, Miss," said Tom. "And I'll see that you get used to the window to come and go through so I may again fasten up the door."

Two weeks passed, and the little creature had become very fond of him, and would run and jump from the window to his shoulder when he called to her.

Thursday afternoon of the third week of the absence of the Grays, Tom was feeding Kitty in the garage. So intent was he that he did not hear footsteps approaching the open window near him. He was sitting on the floor, tossing a ball about for the kitten to run after. He was laughing and talking to his little companion when suddenly the window became darkened and he glanced up to see a girl's merry face framed in it. Tom sprang to his feet, his freckled face covered with confusion. "I beg your pardon, Miss Julia," he stammered. "I—I—didn't look for you to be back so soon. I—I—I was just taking care of this kitten —it was left without food or—or—"

"It was so good of you." Julia's face became serious and her grey eyes looked into his blue ones kindly. "I see, our hired man did not come after Pussy. He promised us he'd take her to his house and keep her till we got back. And just thinks—she might have starved, or perished in the storms, hadn't you been so kind as to look after her. How can I thank you? She is my little pet and I am very fond of her. I owe her life to you. You are our neighbor—aren't you?"—Our Dumb Animals.

Tennyson: "Self knowledge, self reverence, self control—these lead life to sovereign power."

"He who reigns within himself and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king."

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HE WANTED TO SELL A COW.

Bill Nye, the humorist, had a cow to sell, the story goes, and advertised her as follows: "Owing to my ill-health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to the government survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To one who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes with her. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."—Ex.

How would you classify a telephone girl?" asked the old fogy. "Is hers a business or profession?"

"Neither," replied the boob. "It is a calling."—Washington Herald.

AMERICAN BOARD INSTITUTES.

Itinerary of the Two Teams in the Pacific Coast District.

Team No. 1.

Walla Walla, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 22-23.

Everett, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Tacoma, Jan. 30-31, Thursday evening, Friday afternoon and evening.

Forest Grove, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

San Jose, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Claremont, Feb. 19 or 20, Wednesday or Thursday afternoon and evening.

Combined Teams.

Spokane, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 18-21.

Seattle, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 25-28.

Portland, Oregon, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 1-4.

Sacramento and Stockton, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 8-10.

San Francisco Bay region, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 15-18.

Los Angeles, Cal., Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 22-25.

Team No. 2.

Colfax, Jan. 21, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

North Yakima, Jan. 24, Friday afternoon and evening.

Snohomish, Jan. 28, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Bellingham, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Vancouver, Jan. 30, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Corvallis, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Salem, Feb. 6, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Cruz, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Pacific Grove, Feb. 13, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Barbara, Feb. 19, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Riverside, Feb. 21, Friday afternoon and evening.

San Diego, Feb. 25, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Redlands, Feb. 26, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Speakers Available for Above Program.

Rev. Brewer Eddy, Associate Secretary of the American Board, Boston; Rev. Chas. L. Storrs, Jr., Foochow Mission, China; Rev. Robert Chambers, Western Turkey Mission; Mrs. Geo. B. Cowles, American Zulu Mission, South Africa; Rev. Miles B. Fisher, Pacific Coast Secretary C. S. S. & P. S San Francisco; Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Pacific Coast Secretary A. B. C. F. M., San Francisco; a possible representative of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific.